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# THE BOGIE MAN



ROTH CROSBY DIMMICK





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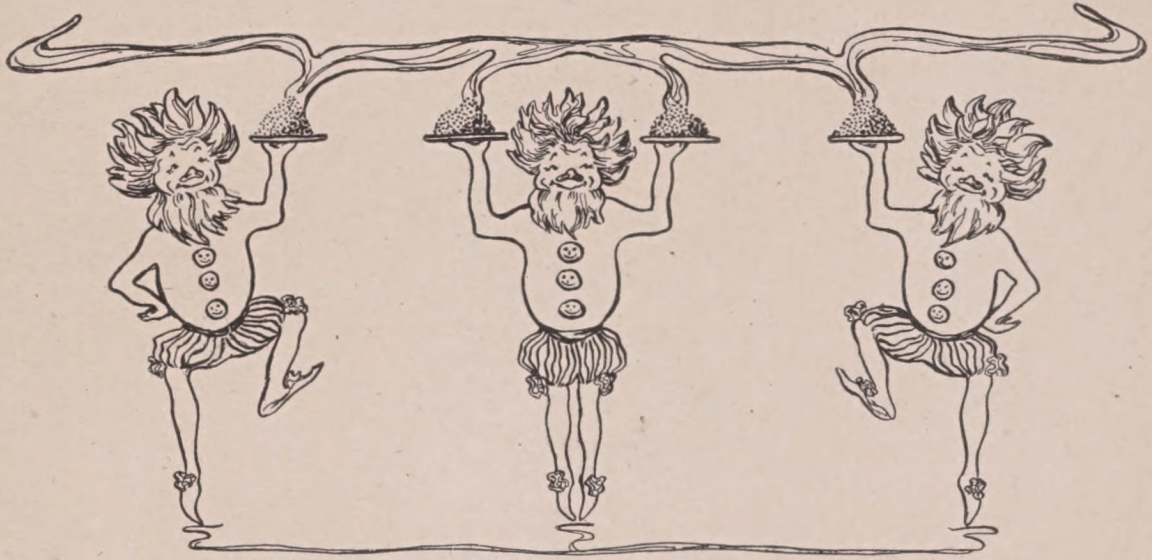








# THE BOGIE MAN



BY

**RUTH CROSBY DIMMICK**



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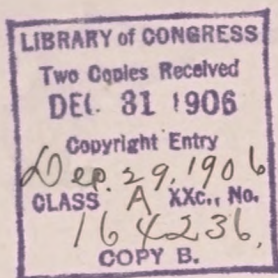
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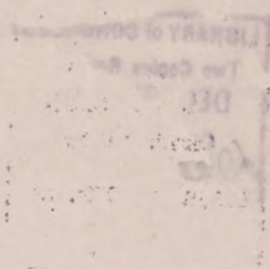
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# THE BOGIE MAN







There was once a little fellow  
Named Alonzo Benton Brown,  
Who resided with his mother  
In a little well-known town.

He had rather pleasing manners  
And a winning sort of way,  
But was sometimes very naughty  
And in mischief every day.



He was fond of digging ditches  
In the garden neat and trim,  
Making holes and wells and caverns,  
Though his mother scolded him.

And she often said: "Alonzo,  
You're as bad as bad can be  
And the Bogie Man will get you  
If you do not mind, you see."







But he kept on madly digging,  
With his back in bow shape bent,  
And one day, all of a sudden,  
Through a hole his old spade went.

Then the earth began to open  
And Alonzo Benton Brown  
Found that he was quickly sinking  
Out of view, and dropping down.







Down he went, it seemed for ages,  
But at last he struck firm ground,  
In a heap, all stunned and dizzy,  
Though his senses soon came round.

Then he saw two big eyes staring  
Boldly through the darkness dim,  
And a massive shaggy creature  
Raised itself and came to him.





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Maybe now this naughty fellow  
Wasn't frightened most to death,  
As his knees began to fail him  
And he had to gasp for breath.

And his teeth commenced to chatter  
'Till their rattle filled the air,  
As he gazed upon the monster  
With his shock of matted hair.







He recalled the many scoldings

And the whippings he had had,  
And remembered how he'd suffered  
Many times when he'd been bad.

But the whippings and the scoldings

Were as so much fun compared  
With the fear that now possessed him;  
He was never half so scared.







When his voice returned he faltered:

“Pleeeas, oh please sir, who are you?”

“Why, the ‘Bogie Man’ they call me,”

Came reply, “I thought you knew”

Well, his plight was most pathetic,

For Alonzo Benton Brown|

Knew at home he was referred to]

As the “baddest boy in town.”







Oh ! how clear his mother's warning,  
That so oft had been unheard,  
Sounded now and pierced his conscience,—  
He remembered every word.

And his lips began to quiver;—  
Down his cheeks the hot tears ran  
As he stood within the presence  
Of the awful Bogie Man.







But a voice of gentle kindness  
Said: "Don't be afraid of me,  
Really, I would never harm you  
Though I am a sight to see.

I am not the kind of fellow  
You have heard bad things about  
As you may yourself discover  
If you still possess a doubt,







For today I give a party

And as yet we have not dined,  
And I'd like to have you join us  
If you feel that way inclined."

And Alonzo looking at him

With a glance of queer surprise,  
Saw that only kindness glistened  
In the great depths of his eyes.







So he said: "I guess I'll join you,"  
And then let himself be led  
Through a long and narrow pathway  
Where bright rocks shone overhead.

Though the way was dimly lighted,  
They soon came from out the gloom  
Into quite a brilliant radiance  
Shed about a pretty room.



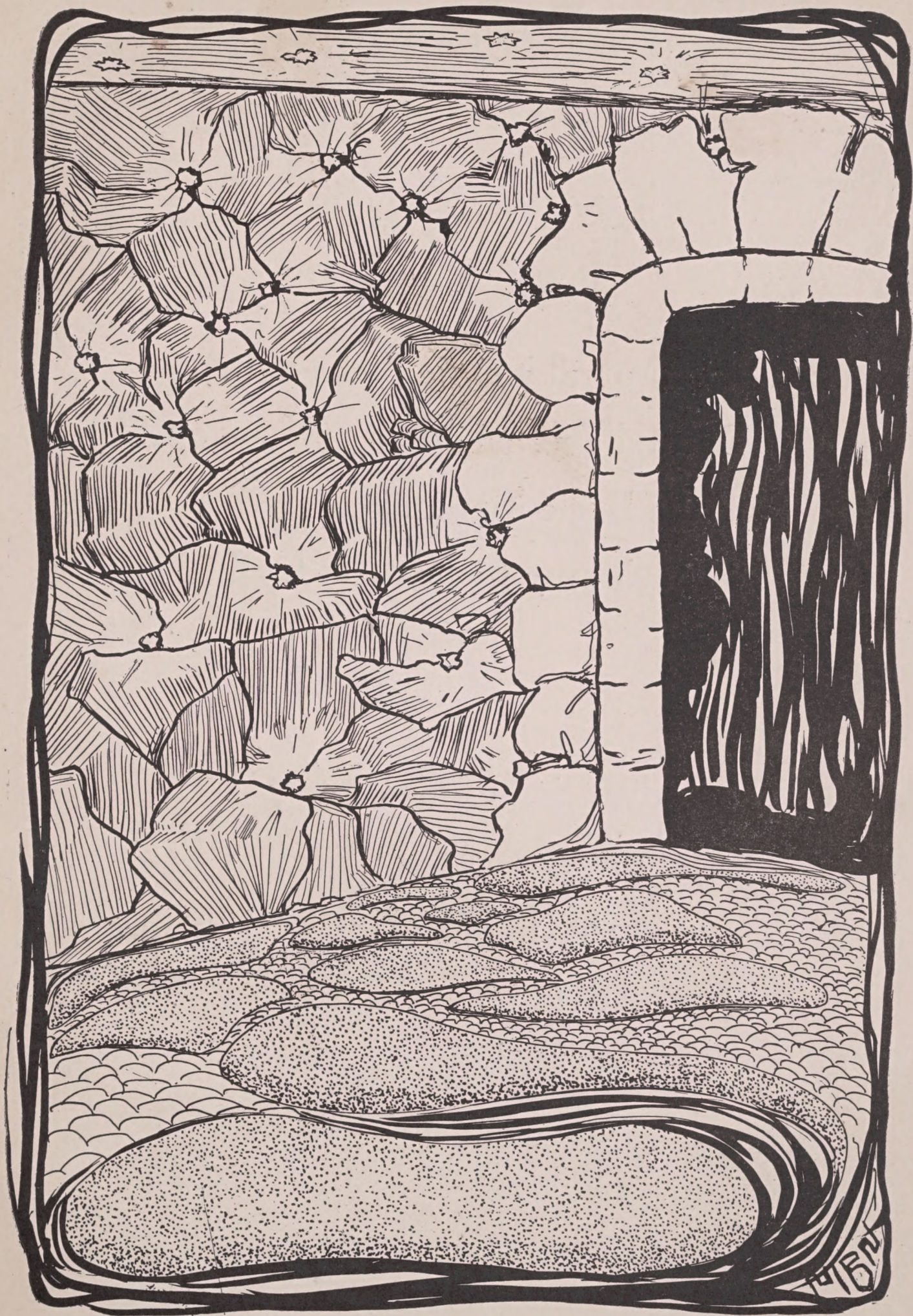




Gems were set in wall and ceiling  
And soft moss o'erlaid the floor  
While an arch of marble whiteness  
Formed an entrance at the door.

And there in the very centre  
Was a gorgeous table spread  
Loaded down with nuts and apples,  
Lucious pies and gingerbread.







While around it several children  
Danced and laughed in joyous glee.  
Said the Bogie Man quite proudly:  
“They’re my friends and fond of me.”

Then advancing to the centre,  
With a very sprightly tread,  
He went shaking hands among them,  
Patting each upon the head.







Said he hoped they all would join him  
In the feast he had prepared,  
While Alonzo stood with wonder  
In his eyes and simply stared.

After proper introduction  
He felt very much at home  
And instead of being frightened  
Now was glad that he had come.



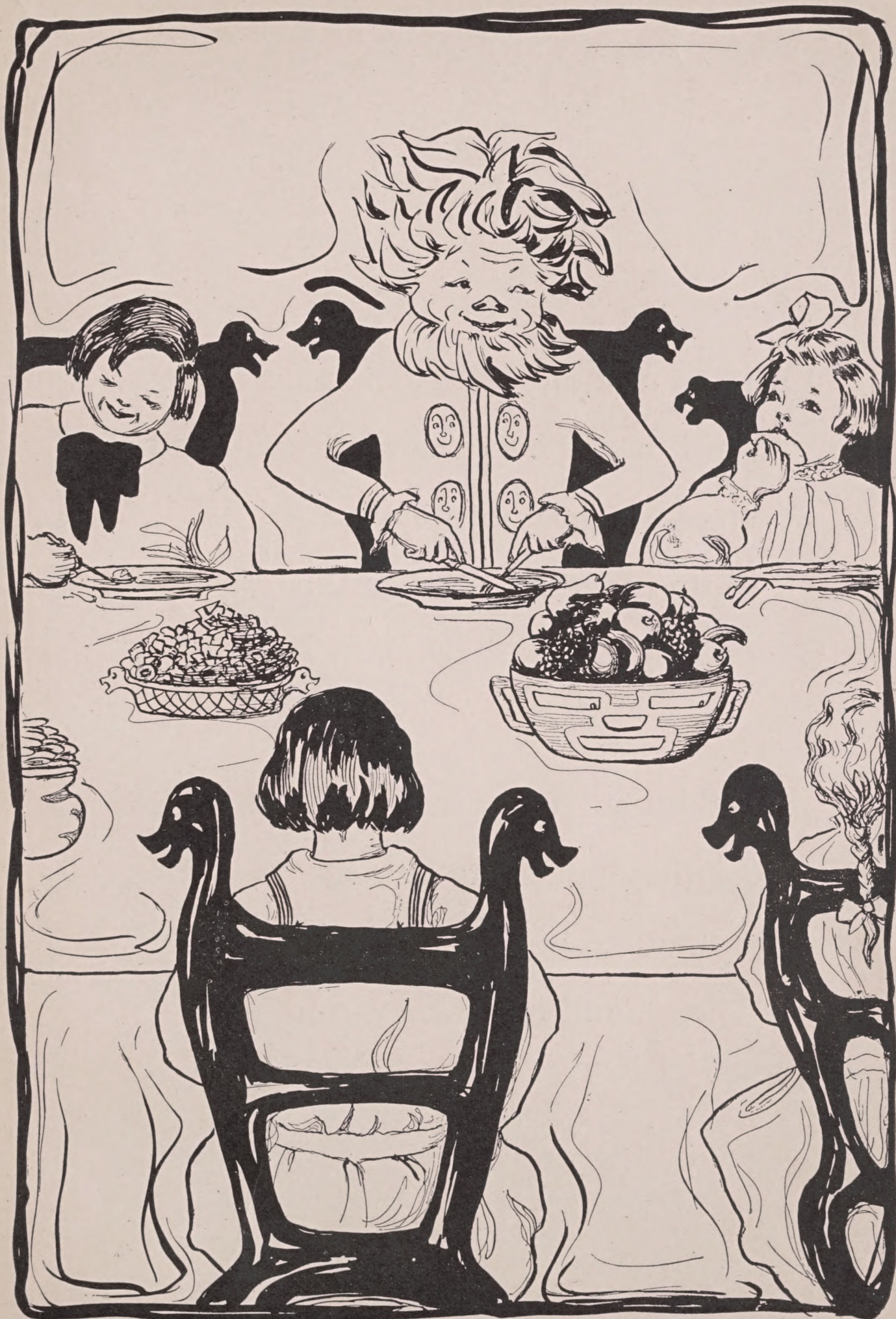




Soon another chair was added  
And lo! he was given seat  
With the Bogie Man beside him,  
And they all began to eat.

Then some funny little fellows,  
Having each a shaggy head,  
Came to pass the food among them  
And to see that all were fed.







Oh! the dinner was delicious

And there never reigned such mirth  
As the girls and boys enjoyed  
In this cavern of the earth.

And they ate as though quite famished—  
As they never ate before,  
And they ate until—well really—  
They could not eat any more.







When at last the food had vanished  
And the plates were cleared away,  
They went wandering through the cavern  
Where the Bogie Man held sway.

It had many points of interest ;  
Odd old rooms and passageways  
Winding here and there and yonder  
"Till they formed a perfect maze.



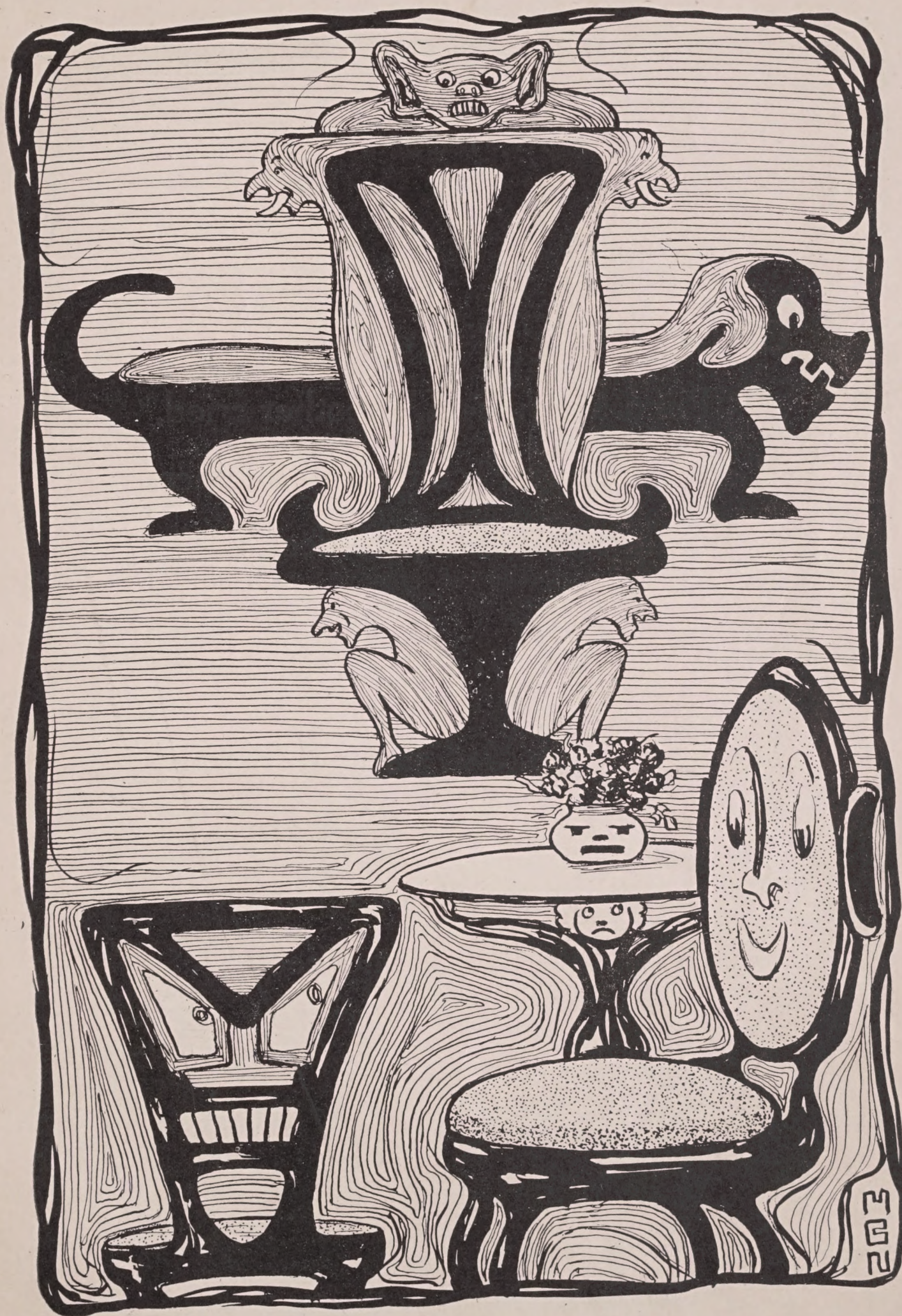




All the shapes and styles and sizes  
Of the furnishings were queer  
For their host had made collection  
Through the country far and near.

Now when they were through inspecting,  
—As it still was early day—  
They began to cast about them  
For a game they all might play.







One suggested "Ring a Rosy,"

"Blind Man's Buff," another cried,  
"London Bridge," chimed in another,  
But they couldn't quite decide,

Then the Bogie Man stepped forward  
And he said: "If I might speak,  
I'd suggest you youngsters join me  
In a game of 'Hide and Seek.'







Here's the place at your disposal,  
And along the halls outside  
There are many little crannies,  
Just the thing in which to hide."

Now this idea seemed to please them,  
So they formed into a row  
While a little girl stood counting:  
"Eeny meeny miny mo."







And the Bogie Man was chosen.

My! but weren't the children pleased  
When the great big shaggy fellow  
Acted as if he were teased.

Then they romped about and scampered,  
Having just the greatest fun  
'Till the hours grew and lengthened  
And the day was nearly done.







Your dear parents, I am fearful,  
Will mistrust you've come to harm  
And may go about the city  
Searching for you in alarm.

Yet I hope my home you'll visit  
Very often though, you know,  
I'm a rather busy fellow  
And forever on the go.







But as light was artificial  
In this underground subway,  
It was not an easy matter  
To distinguish night from day ;

Though the Bogie Man knew always,  
And at length he said "Now come,  
You must stop your frolic, children,  
It is time you started home.







Then the youngsters closely gathered  
Round their jolly host, to say  
They had had a splendid outing  
And were loath to go away.

And when each had done his duty  
In the way of gratitude,  
They were led out through the subway  
To a stairway rough and crude.







But on Tuesdays you can find me  
Round about this neighborhood,  
And if you will seek the cavern  
Near to where the old mill stood,

On most any Tuesday morning,  
You may there discover me  
And we'll come down here together  
For another glorious spree."







Then they scampered quickly homeward  
And as through the streets they ran  
They were not the least bit frightened  
Of the "awful Bogie Man."

Now when young Alonzo Benton  
Reached his home all out of breath  
He was told that his poor mother  
Had been worried most to death.







It was built of vines and branches  
And they climbed it one by one,  
Coming out nearby the village  
Just at setting of the sun.

At the entrance of the cavern  
They turned back to say good-bye  
To the dear old shaggy fellow  
Who departed with a sigh.







Off to bed without his supper

He was hurried then and there

While with much surprise his mother

Wondered why he didn't care.

Very soon the Sand Man found him

In his little trundle bed

With the strangest sort of fancies

Madly flitting through his head.







And she scolded him severely  
For returning home so late.  
Said: "the Bogie Man will get you,  
You young rascal, sure as fate."

But he smiled a smile all knowing  
And had not a word to say  
When she asked him many questions  
As to where he'd been all day.



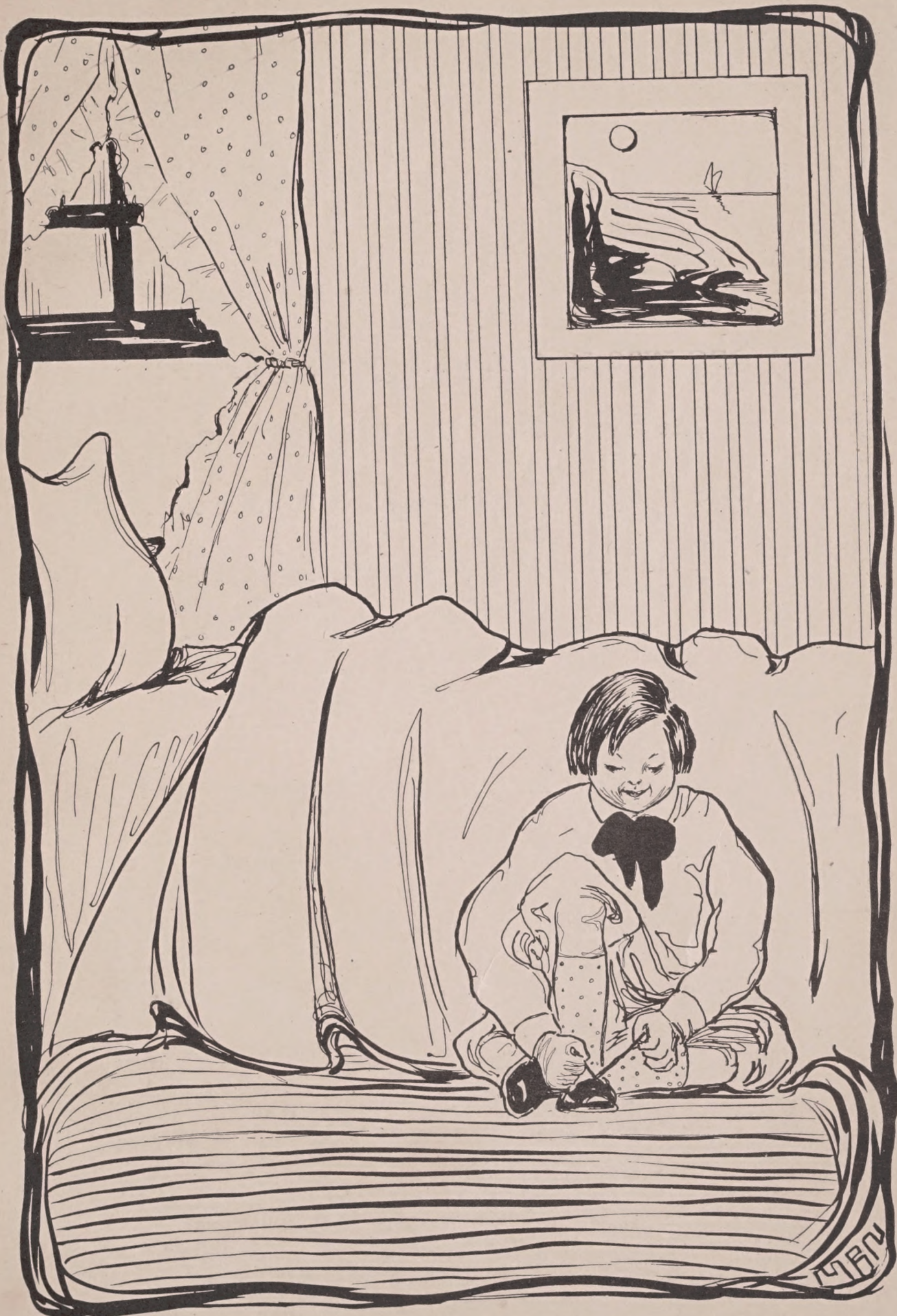




At the early break of morning,  
When he heard the breakfast bell,  
He was wide awake and dressing,  
Still determined not to tell.

But on seeking out his mother,  
When her troubled face was seen,  
All at once his heart relented  
And he told her where he'd been.







She was so completely staggered  
At the wond'rous tale he told,  
She forgot, when he had finished,  
That she really meant to scold.

It had been her firm conviction  
That the Bogie Man was bad,  
As that was the reputation  
Through the country that he had.







From that day Alonzo Benton  
Was the wonder of the town,  
And the children who'd been with him  
Also shared in his renown.

Girls and boys came by the dozen,  
Some of them from miles away,  
Just to hear about the frolic  
That their playmates had that day.







They would sit around a circle  
As the twilight shadows fell  
While with bated breath they listened  
To the tales their friends would tell.

And forever, ever after  
They looked forward with delight  
To a visit with the monster  
From whom once they ran in fright.





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Now this tale is not intended  
To encourage naughty boys  
Who are fond of disobeying  
And are always making noise,

But it merely goes to show you,  
In the simplest way it can,  
What a jolly sort of fellow,  
Is the "awful Bogie Man."





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